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Northern Messenger

Rates Inside | MONTREAL, JANUARY 12, 1940. | 77th Year.

THE FINDING OF LOST MINE

BY Anna C. Chamberlain

(Written for the Messenger.)

READERS HAVE MET

PETE, eldest son of a soldier's family, who find it hard to make a living on their grandfather's farm "with father at the front and the money from the Government slow in coming."

ROLLIE, aged 12, the younger brother; **MOTHER** and **SISTERS** and **UNCLE JED**, who tells how their grandfather's mine was lost in a cave-in.

RICHARD JOHNSON, miner. He claims to be a brother of old **NICK JOHNSON**, whose savings, together with the boys' grandfather's fortune are buried in Lost Mine.

LAWYER FULLER whom Rollie and Uncle Jed consult when the boys discover the buried treasure, and Richard Johnson tries to take it from them.

ROLLIE tells the story.

Cramer's Lost Mine has been heard from at last! What's this about Nick Johnson's brother? That old man lived in Milltown for years and he had not a relative in the world except—except," Mr. Fuller began scratching his head to stir up his memory, "except one little girl. I remember her quite well. Now, where did she go?" and Lawyer Fuller began to scratch his head some more. "Now about the treasure," he went on, changing the subject, "You aren't safe a minute with it in your keeping, if this rascal has persuaded

AS I jumped out of the wagon at the lawyer's door, I was almost sure that in the group of miners which came crowding by, at that moment, I saw the same ugly, scowling face I had seen before.

Not exactly knowing what to fear from its presence here, I hastily finished tying the horse and hurried up to the house after Uncle Jed.

* * *

MR. FULLER was sitting in his office and I can exactly remember how he raised his eyes with a kind of tired look as we came in.

He was an old man, not trying to do much business, and I suppose he did not see how the odd old man and a shabby-looking boy, could have anything to say which might interest him.

Uncle Jed had not been talking two minutes before the lawyer laid down the pen he had kept in his hand to show how busy he was and, in about two minutes more, he was walking up and down the office floor.

"Why, I've heard this story before!" he exclaimed excitedly. "So Isaac

"I HELD BACK, FEARING THE WORST."

Nick Johnson's old pals that he is a brother of their comrade and you are trying to rob him. They are a clannish lot, these miners. Good citizens, in the main, but inclined to take the law into their own hands if they think they are being put upon."

After he had said this much, Lawyer Fuller walked up and down his office a few more times and then made a grab for his hat and coat.

"I'll go into town with you," he said in his hurried way of deciding things. "That fellow may be cute enough to get there ahead and try to have the money turned over to some rascally lawyer on a technicality. Once let it get into their hands, and then good-bye to the law and the money, too. They'll make themselves scarce. I will have it put into a safety deposit box, turn the certificate over to the courts for safe keeping and enter a plea for settlement with the next of kin. Then it's up to this fellow to prove his kinship. Now if I can only get hold of that girl."

He was making for the front gate by this time and I hung back a little, not knowing whether a boy like me would be wanted in such important places. "Of course! Of course!" answered the old fellow fussily when Uncle Jed asked him, "We may need his affidavit as to where the money was found. We must push this matter as fast as we can."

I left him going on like this to Uncle Jed while I led Fan over to his little horse shed and tied her safe.

"Mark my words," he was saying, when I overtook them down towards the station, "as long as this pretender can make his fellow-miners believe you are trying to keep him out of his rights, they are going to be ugly and troublesome: but just let us once prove in open court what you and I both know, that Nick Johnson had no brother and they will drop this fellow and be as friendly to you as they are now hostile."

Mr. Fuller walked as fast as he had talked and, in his keen interest in our business, would have taken possession of the old satchel which held the treasure if Uncle hadn't hung on to it so tight.

We arrived at the little village depot a minute or two before the train was due, which gave us time to look about, and I watched anxiously to see whether the rough-looking stranger was on our track. I could not see him and began to breathe easier as the train pulled in; but just at the last minute a noisy group of miners crowded aboard and I was almost sure I saw his surly face among the rest.

I was certain of this when we reached the city, for the whole gang hustled past us as we were leaving the station, shoving us apart roughly and almost upsetting Uncle Jed. Then they sauntered along ahead of us, still talking noisily and occasionally dropping back in groups and almost crowding us from the sidewalk.

This kept me feeling worried and uneasy and I kept as close as I could to Uncle Jed, though he on his part did not seem at all disturbed, but swung along as easily with his old carpet sack as if it held nothing more valuable than potatoes.

At last, when we had come to the more crowded streets, what I had dreaded all along really happened. Several members of the noisy gang were pushing up close behind us, when those ahead suddenly halted and we were jostled between the two groups. For more than a minute the members of our little party were shoved apart and when we finally got together, I found Lawyer Fuller holding to Uncle Jed, who was pale and out of breath from rough handling, and the precious bag was nowhere to be seen.

The crowd had been too thick for Mr. Fuller to see who had taken it, and Uncle Jed was for the moment so breathless and upset that he could not speak.

"Police! Police!" shouted the lawyer, but when the blue-coated officer hurried up there was little he could do.

The miners had disappeared and the crowd, except those attracted by Mr. Fuller's outcry had thinned away; but the officer took the description of the carpet sack and its contents as well as I could give it, since Uncle Jed still seemed too much bewildered to talk.

Then we hurried on, for Mr. Fuller said he must put the business before the proper parties in case the box were recovered, and when we reached the shelter of the Court House, Uncle Jed gave me the surprise of my life. "I was afraid they would try something like that," he said to Mr. Fuller and then he began to draw out from various places in his clothing small parcels containing bills and heaps of coins. No wonder his old overcoat had looked so bunchy and queer.

Mr. Fuller was so pleased that he almost hugged us on the spot, and in less than five minutes the treasure was in a clean package and a safety box in the bank. The rest of the business was short, luckily for us, as robbery had delayed us and our return train came early.

"Just one more errand," announced Mr. Fuller as we trailed after him in leaving the Court House. "I must leave an advertisement at the newspaper office for Nora Ryan—that was the girl's name—and that will leave just time to get to the train comfortably."

Perhaps it did, though Uncle Jed did not think so, as he arrived at the train breathless and was dragged aboard by the brakeman after the engine was panting to be gone. But we made it, which was the main thing, and Uncle Jed had the run of twenty miles in which to recover his breath before we reached our home station.

As long as Lawyer Fuller was with us, talking in that glib and positive way of his, it seemed as though everything was to be settled smooth and easy. But once we got on the wide white roads far out in the country I began to think about the folks at home and to wonder if Pete had been molested while we were away.

The house looked pleasant and peaceful as we came up the drive; the two oaks in front spreading out their great sheltering arms over things beneath as they had done for a century or more. Everything was quiet enough, too quiet almost for a house where folks lived.

As I drove up close to let Uncle Jed some one looked out of one of the narrow little hall windows, and then the front door was opened wide.

"Isn't Pete with you?" was mother's first question as she came out to meet us.

For half a minute we stared at her, not really understanding what she meant, and then Uncle Jed answered in that irritated way he has when he is worried or astonished.

"Of course not. Pete stayed to take care of the house." But he changed his cross tone right away when he saw how white mother's face had grown.

"You don't mean to tell me that boy left you and the children here alone to come and find us," he said, half mad and half worried.

"No, no, it wasn't that at all," Mother spoke up real quick, fearing we'd misjudge Pete. Pete, you know, isn't a bit of a coward—"As if anybody who really knew Pete would think of such a thing——and when we heard a great shouting and noise down at the barn soon after we had finished dinner, he began to worry about the cow which was shut up in the stable.

"He was afraid they would set the barn afire and he couldn't bear to think of having poor Cherry burned up.

"Finally he decided to go around back of the grove and sheds and try to get the stable door open. He felt quite sure he could get there without being seen, as the crowd seemed to be in the direction of the creek. 'I won't let them catch me,' he promised me again and again before I consented to his going." Mother choked a little but went on with the story. "Finally I said, 'Yes,' for it did seem hard to think of poor Cherry if they did set the fire to the barn. Then Pete put on his coat and mittens and his warm cap—I insisted on that—and started out. Before he went he made me promise to keep the door locked and said for me not to worry; since, if they cut him off from getting back to the house, he would circle around and get in with you up the road. That is nearly three hours ago," finished mother, nearly ready

(Please Turn to Page 12.)

Poor Man's Fortune

By ARTHUR T. RICH

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READERS HAVE MET

DONALD FAIRBAIRN, handsome young Canadian, inheritor of a Poor Man's Fortune from his father, JOHN FAIRBAIRN, whose dying wish is that Donald return to Glasgow, Scotland and make good where his father failed.

ROBERT FAIRBAIRN, Donald's uncle, respected, wealthy Glasgow ship-builder, who is not at all anxious to help his young nephew.

JEAN FAIRBAIRN, Robert's step-daughter. She invites Donald to lunch and tells him of a scheme of hers which may change his whole life.

ARNOLD M'NAIR, tall, handsome, earnest young minister, whose aid Jean's father enlists in winning her back to the church, secretly hoping to make a match between them. Jean asks Arnold to visit her "shelter" for the unemployed, of which Donald is warden.

JOCK CAMPBELL, fiery young Communist has been giving Donald some trouble. Then Donald rescues him from gangsters and goes to court to give evidence for him.

THERE were several cases to be dealt with before Jock was before the court, and Donald found it grimly interesting to observe yet another phase of life. He seemed to be learning all the time nowadays.

Aspects of new problems came before his mind. That woman with the baby in her arms. Would she be standing there charged with shoplifting had men in far-off Canada refused to corner that golden grain he had helped so many times to harvest? Or this next woman—grey-haired and horrible: would she have been charged for being raving drunk on Red Biddy if someone long ago had befriended her, led her to bright interests in the beautiful ways of life?

These young men—so many of them—one after the other—accused of petty theft and violence. Was crime with them to be a life-long career? Whose fault was it they were here? Was the war responsible or the Church or the politicians or the financiers or the whole community? Donald gave it up. He thought of the vast open-spaces where men about his old home garnered harvests, felled timber, laboured in the sweat of honest industry, with God's pure air about them, never dreaming of the crime-ridden lives that dwelt hopelessly in these overcrowded areas.

There was so much room for everybody, so much fresh air, so much opportunity for development of body, brain and heart, yet men and women, herded together in crime-infested back streets, learned the ways of evil. He asked himself again who could be blamed, who held responsible. How make life a glorious experience for the whole human kind?

He returned to former thoughts of the three-cornered contest—Church—social reformer—State—all very busy—but still, as in Milton's day, the hungry sheep looked up and were not fed.

"Alexander Campbell!" The sound of the prisoner's name being called caused Donald to break off in his reflections at once. Immediately the formalities were begun. Donald was called to give his evidence. Afterwards he was allowed to speak his word. Jock looked gratefully from the dock on the one hand as he expressed what was in his mind on the prisoner's behalf. He caught a sight of Jean regarding him breathlessly proud. Donald hardly knew which was the greater reward.

"A moment," broke in the portly man presiding. "I appreciate all that you say. But there is another charge to follow. We'll have to leave this one over for the moment. Alexander Campbell is charged with begging. The prosecutor is in court, I see." He broke off. "A curious coincidence—the man speaking in favour and the man prosecuting bear the same name—one for the man, one against him." He glanced at reporters scribbling furiously in their haste to produce for the afternoon edition a "human interest" story. "If you'll come forward, Mr. Fairbairn, we'll deal with the matter at this stage."

The eyes of Jean and Donald met.

Walking to the witness box was a familiar figure—the man who was here to undo their good work.

It was Robert Fairbairn in all his self-complacent glory.

"The Cries of Them Which Have Reaped"

JEAN whispered, "It looks like trouble."

Donald nodded. The situation was charged with drama. Apart from the coincidence of his uncle being the prosecutor of the man for whom he had spoken, there was the fact of Jean and Donald sitting together in Court.

"Two red rags to the bull," said the girl as if reading his thoughts.

The "bull" had seen both rags. Robert Fairbairn glared first at the pair in the public gallery, then at Jock Campbell. Even before he began to speak inward emotions had expressed themselves on twitching features.

It was evident to Donald, however, that his uncle was enjoying himself thoroughly. Here was the opportunity for voicing a grievance, for posing in the limelight, for making an oration with reporters in attendance.

Jean's sense of humour expressed itself in another whispered remark. "Lend me your ears—Mark Antony calling all stations." The light-hearted girl bubbled with suppressed merriment; Donald, however, found this somewhat embarrassing—his more serious outlook foresaw complications.

Robert Fairbairn gave his evidence with the superior self-assurance of a man who has the backing of all the world's privileges. His tone of voice implied, "I claim citizenship, churchmanship, and substance as my allies. You listen to me, ye powers that be. There comes into your midst a bulwark of our civic life—whatever others have said in favour of this prisoner, let my position, reputation, achievements, speak!"

But actually the bulwark of society was saying, "This man is a pest. He's one of many—men who are a nuisance to dwellers in the suburbs. What is the use of our displaying such notices as No Hawkers, No Circulars when we are constantly being annoyed by the new army of beggars invading us from the slums?"

He inflated his chest, shot up his chin, thrust his hands deeply into trousers pockets that jingled. Evidently this was intended to be the question rhetorical for he did not await an answer.

"Ever since the problem of unemployment troubled our city I have been pestered by this kind of thing. The workless in Glasgow do not seem to realise that begging is a crime punishable by law. Time was when they *did* muster a writing-pad or a packet of lavender—but nowadays there is no semblance of toil. Men who, like the prisoner, have forfeited right to the dole or never earned the right—prey—that is the word—prey—on the community—"

"The vultures," whispered Jean scornfully.

"It is for their own good that a charge such as this should be brought. This man would probably think nothing of putting a penny into a Football Pool, yet he comes to my door asking for money. These chaps go to the dogs, back horses, waste their dole money in the cinemas, drink beer, yet when it comes to finding food for their families they come to the doors of the industrious and the thrifty. Once I gave a man a shilling—"

"Only once, I guess," murmured Jean.

"Six weeks later what did I see? I saw him leaving a cinema—"

"If you would kindly keep to the point, Mr. Fairbairn," suggested pompous authority on the bench.

Robert Fairbairn came from the general to the particular. "This man is a bad case. I discharged him from my employment just over twelve months ago. I had nothing against his character, but his political views were not calculated to further the highest interests of my employees. Since then he seems just to have drifted—he's sunk lower—got into bad company—taken to begging—a dose of prison would do

him good—the community must be protected at all costs—"

"Oh, at all costs," muttered Jean. "Listen to that! Can't we pass a law to protect the community from self-righteousness?"

Donald pressed her arm warningly.

His uncle was looking fixedly at the pair of them as he spoke his next words. "Certain misguided persons intent on rescue work, so-called, have seen fit to put in a word on behalf of this sort of thing, but my experience is that pests are best crushed out—show leniency in a case like this and soon the entire population will be over-run by parasites intent on eating away the foundations of society—"

"If you would kindly confine yourself to facts and leave out the general remarks, Mr. Fairbairn," suggested authority again. "We *must* confine ourselves here to facts."

Then, when the prosecutor had stated his case, it taking but a short time when Fairbairn's flights of eloquence were checked, "It comes to this. Alexander Campbell called at your house and begged a shilling from the maid who answered the door—"

"Exactly—money by false pretences—he ought to get six months—"

"Have you anything to say?" demanded the J.P. dryly turning to the prisoner, glad to have come to the point at last.

Donald watched Campbell narrowly. What was he going to say or do? Much depended on his behaviour now. The words spoken in his favour would carry but little weight if he showed himself in a bad light.

To Donald's surprise, however, there did not come the outburst he expected. The man seemed strangely humble after his previous violent outburst at the Centre.

"I admit it," he said with head down, a sulkiness replacing his usual truculent manner. "Mr. Fairbairn gave me my books because I led a strike against the low wages he was paying—I was victimized because I was fool enough to take the lead—and since then I'm afraid I've drifted out, sir, if you know what I mean. If you'll give me a chance, sir—" he glanced in Donald's direction— "the young fellow from the club has promised to stand by me—he'll be responsible for my behaviour, sir. I admit I've got the wrong side of the law—but when a chap's been unemployed for a long time—"

It seemed to be Jock Campbell's lucky morning. His penitence seemed to impress the bench. "It's your first offence—and I have no pleasure in sending young men to prison—especially when there are others who are prepared to stand by you. I'm going to discharge you with a caution—but mind, if you're brought before this court again—" He proceeded to apply the formula suited to the occasion, reported in the newspapers week after week.

The Sparrow's Song

I'm only a little sparrow
A bird of low degree:
My life is of little value,
But the dear Lord cares for me.

I have no barn or storehouse,
I neither sow nor reap;
God gives me a sparrow's portion,
And never a seed to keep.

I know there are many sparrows:
All over the world they are found;
But our Heavenly Father knoweth
When one of us falls to the ground.

Though small we are never forgotten;
Though weak we are never afraid;
For the Heavenly Father careth
For the life of the creatures He made.

I fly through the thickest forest;
I alight on many a spray;
I have no chart or compass,
Yet I never lose my way.

I just fold my wings at nightfall,
Wherever I happen to be;
For I know that the Father careth.
Dost thou know His care for thee?

—Author Unknown.
(Quoted by Dr. Paterson Smyth)

"Thank you, sir. If there were more like you—and yon fellow—" he looked at Donald—"there'd be fewer gangs in Glasgow and—"

"Take my advice and keep clear of the gangs. The young man has informed us that your deficiencies have been made good. You've been given another start—keep right on—". Already he was calling the next case.

As they drove back to the Centre in Jean's car, after Donald had spoken a few words to Jock Campbell, the girl said, "You know, there's going to be a shindy with father. Did you see his face when Campbell was discharged? If I'm not mistaken there's going to be another opponent of our club before long—"

"I'm afraid so," agreed Donald, wondering why he had not noticed before that Jean's hands were unusually small, that gripping the steering wheel they seemed absurdly diminutive, quite inadequate to the purpose of controlling a large car in the maddening maze of Queen Street traffic. The fur-backed gloves were on the seat between them—strange how character was revealed in a woman's hands—he could not resist the impulse to touch the one nearer him. 'You musn't worry about that."

"I'm not," she laughed. "I love a fight. By the way, I'm not much of a Bible moth, but I've been thinking of a text. It just sums up this morning's little business—proves that this kind of cant has been in the church from the first—"

"Oh?" replied Donald, feeling out of his depth when it came to scriptural quotation.

"St. James summed up men like father. 'The cries of them which have reaped.' That's the cry the church can't hear today. That's why they're getting emptier. The masses have reaped for the privileged and successful, but the church has no message for them today. That's where modern Christianity has failed—too many rich men in authority who show no inclnation to fading away in their goings—to quote our friend St. James again."

Donald did not reply. He was wondering. After all that was only one side of the question.

* * *

For the next few days Donald pondered upon those words.

Was it true that organised religion was out of touch with the people because of modern class distinction? He felt somehow that there was a serious flaw in Jean's argument.

Surely it was the glory of Christianity that it had brought together at the same communion table slave and master, male and female, Jew and Greek, giving Paul the right to say that the new religion had broken down middle-walls—or something like that—he would check it by reference to the Bible his father had left him. The thought of his fortune—one Bible—brought a smile of scorn to his lips: if his father had left him ten thousand pounds he would be in a different position today. Despite the years of Christian teaching, of the church's witness, money was still the great divider—but yet—but yet—

He thought of miners attending communion—elders up from the pit, making their way to the place where the death of Christ was commemorated, handing around the sacred elements in toil-worn hands—no, there was a flaw in Jean's argument. Was the church out of touch with the masses as the alarmists suggested? Was not the salt of the church those hard-working people who on a Sunday found the church a very sanctuary by the wayside? Wasn't it true that in every age the workers of the world in larger numbers than the wealthy had responded to the call, "Come unto Me all ye that labour"?

It was a most one-sided view for people to scream aloud, he thought, that the church had lost her influence because of the domination of gold. Why, the church consisted for the most part of the poor in this world's goods—religion was not a paying game as so many people suggested, for the love and devotion to church left so many strugglers the worse off—

Not that Donald was particularly interested in the problem. He was more indifferent to the church than antagonistic. He had inherited the

(Please turn to Page 8.)

JACK TO THE RESCUE

By Nellie Upton

REEDSVILLE HIGH SCHOOL was out, and boys and girls were pouring from its doors. It was Friday, and the pupils were for the most part hurriedly making their ways homeward, amid much shouting and laughter and swinging of school-books.

Ted Blake and Jim Anderson ran down the school steps together and joined a tall fair-haired fellow who stood waiting. "Say, Bruce," said Ted, "how about the lake to-morrow?" "O.K. by me," answered Bruce, "but do you think it's frozen enough?" "Oh, sure," said Ted, "I was out skating last Saturday. I didn't go far, but it was good and firm, and the skating was great." "Hurrah!" whooped Jim. "I'm just dying for a skate. Let's all go to-morrow afternoon!"

The boys all agreed to this plan as they started home. They lived in the middle of the town, and were quite a distance from the lake, so they did not go skating often.

"Look, Jim, who is that walking alone ahead of us there?" asked Ted. Jim looked in the direction Ted had indicated and saw a youth about their own age hurrying along alone with a load of books, a short piece ahead of them. "Why, I don't think I know him," answered Jim, "he must be a newcomer. Know him, Bruce?"

"Oh, that's Jack Richards. His family moved into town not long ago," said Bruce. "He lives on the hill, above the lake, in that big house where Mr. Reed used to live."

"He doesn't seem to be very friendly, does he?" mused Ted. "I don't know, I haven't met him. But he does seem to keep to himself a lot. Nobody seems to know much about him," stated Bruce. "He is the only one in the family, I guess, or I haven't heard of any more anyway."

"He ought to know all about the ice," said Jim, "since he lives so handy to the lake. I wonder if he skates. If we see him tomorrow when we're out there, we could ask him to come with us." "The idea is all right," Bruce answered him, "But I'm pretty sure he wouldn't come. I heard some of the fellows saying they had asked him different times to go with them skiing, and on hikes, but he refused. "What keeps him at home," queried Ted. "You'd think he'd be glad to make some friends, since he is alone and coming here new, and everything." "Search me," said Bruce, "perhaps he has a good reason."

The boys had reached their parting-place by this time, and they stood for a few minutes making further plans for their trip the coming day, then saying good-night they hurried on to their different homes.

DOWN HE WENT INTO THE BLACK, ICY WATER.

Saturday dawned a perfect day, and as soon as the morning chores were over, and they had had their dinner, Ted Blake, Jim Anderson and Bruce McDonnell met at the appointed place to start on their skating trip.

It was quite a long walk to the lake, but the boys hurried, and in about an hour's time the long stretch of ice came in view. "Phew!" whistled Bruce, "that looks good, and I guess it's as smooth as glass."

In a short time their skates were ringing against the ice, as they sped back and forth around handy to the shore.

"Oh, say!" ejaculated Ted. "Weren't we going to go up and ask young Richards to come with us?" "Pshaw, what's the use," said Jim. "Bruce said not likely he'd come anyway." "Oh, never mind him," said Bruce. "he can come and skate any time, I suppose, he is so handy. If we had thought about it before we put our skates on, but we didn't, and we're not going to take them off now and walk up. He may see us and come anyway."

So the boys stopped talking about Jack Richards and began to enjoy their skate in real earnest.

For a while they kept together along the shore, but soon they tired of this and Ted sang out that he was going to try cutting across to see what the middle was like. Bruce and Jim continued on around the shore to meet him on the other side.

They were about half way around, when they heard Ted shouting. Turning quickly, they were just in time to see him going down through the ice, into the black icy water in the middle of the lake. They whooped encouragement to him and started as quickly as they could towards him. The wind was against them now, so they could not go as quickly as before they had turned. Bruce was a stronger skater than Jim, and he put every ounce of strength he had into that race for Ted's life. He zig-zagged against the wind, as he found he could make more headway that way than by going directly against it.

Ted hung on frantically to the thin edge of ice. His body was getting paralyzed in the icy water. He could not swim if he tried now. His fingers were getting numb, and little by little he was losing his grip. He tried to shout, but his teeth were chattering so, he made no sound. He could see the boys coming. Bruce was ahead, but they were still a good piece away. Would they make it?

Only his head and hands were out of water now. Slowly, he was slipping deeper into that ice-cold water.

Bruce was almost there; now he was getting down on his hands and knees and crawling gingerly toward the edge of the ice. All of a sudden, the piece of ice Ted was clinging to gave way, and his whole body disappeared into the water.

(Please turn to Page 9.)

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Contributors of poems and articles who wish their material returned to them in case of rejection are asked to enclose a stamped and addressed envelope.

We cannot pay for Poems.

JANUARY 12, 1940.

WORD FOR THE DAY

Sun. : Believe in the Lord God, so shall ye be established.—II Chron. 20: 20.

Mon. : Believe ye that I am able to do this?—Matt. 9:28.

Tue. : Lord, I believe.—Mark 9:24.

Wed. : If I do not the works of My Father, believe me not.—John 10:37.

Thu. : I believe that Thou art the Christ, the Son of God.—John 11:27.

Fri. : We believe through the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ we shall be saved. —Acts 15:11.

Sat. : I pray for them also which shall believe on Me.—John 17:20.

"When we come to tell the completed story of our lives, we shall have to record the fulfillment of all God's promises, and the accomplishment of all our prayers that were built on them."

I believe the promises of God enough to venture an eternity on them.—Watts.

"Act as if God were, and you shall know He is."

"We must begin by doing, that is the changeless law. Do His will and you shall know of the doctrine."

"Our Father"

Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name, Thy will be done! —what else can we say? The other night, in my sleepless tossings about, which were growing more and more miserable, these words, that brief and grand Prayer, came strangely into my mind with an altogether new emphasis, as if *written* and shining for me in mild, pure splendor, on the black bosom of the night there; when I, as it were, *read* them word by word—with sudden check to my imperfect wanderings, with a sudden softness of composure which was much unexpected. Not for perhaps thirty or forty years had I once formally repeated that Prayer—nay, I never felt before how intensely the voice of man's soul it is; the inmost aspiration of all that is high and pious in poor Human Nature, right worthy to be recommended with our "after this manner pray ye."—Thomas Carlyle.

A Prayer Fellowship

Below is a copy of a Prayer Fellowship Card in use in a church in one of our big cities. We are sure that many of our readers would like to sign their own names to it, applying the prayers to their own church as well as to the Empire.

'I join with others in the intention to pray daily and particularly on Sunday mornings:

"1. That the hearts of our people and the resources of our Empire shall be dedicated to God for His use in overthrowing the evils that have brought about this war.

"2. That in every Service of Worship every person may be conscious of the presence of God.

"3. That every member of our congregation may grow in grace, in charity, and in personal devotion to the will of God."

From Romance to Reality

By REV. A. R. VIDLER.

PRAYER ought not to be, but often is, romantic. After childhood comes adolescence; and growth in prayer may be arrested at either point. The adolescent dreams dreams and see visions; it is appropriate that he should do so.

We should be poor specimens of humanity if our imagination were never opened up, if we looked down no romantic vistas, and if we were captivated by no inspiring ideals.

We need to be idealists as a prelude to becoming realists; we need to see what ought to be, before we come to grips with what is.

The Word of God is the sovereign quickener of the imagination, the source and sanction of the noblest ideals; the Kingdom of God is the testing-place and the true goal of all splendid aspirations.

It is well that the normal adolescent catches a glimpse of what the world ought to be before he becomes immersed in its sordid realities, and that he sees himself as a hero before he confronts the devil within and without. But there is grave danger here.

Romance is capable of inspiring revolutions, but more often it merely nourishes illusions. It may drive men into the real world, bent on its transformation even if they perish in the process; on the other hand, it may seduce men away from the real world into a fanciful realm of abstract ideals where they may indulge their imaginations without soiling their hands or breaking their backs.

And to these seductions we English people in these late years have yielded pretty thoroughly—Christians as well as Communists and all the grades of idealists in between. This has effected our prayers, and it explains the shocking inconsistency between what we say on our knees and what we do with our hands, between our worship and our work, between our easy professions of political idealism and the shameful realities of our social life.

A renewal of prayer, a growth out of romanticism, will drive into us the painful contrast between our professions of idealism and the realities of the world in which we have to live.

Praying certainly means looking at God and His holy will, but it does not mean averting our gaze from secular realities. It means looking at these with a fresh and disturbing insight—with the insight of men who know that, while the Kingdom of God will never be consummated in this world, yet it is in this world and not in the clouds, it is in our own history and not in the distant future, that God's will for society must be realized by us.

Prayer in this case will impel us to hard thinking. What (if anything) do we mean by a "Christian social order"? What ought we to mean? And what sort of action is required of us if such an order is to be brought into being in the course of the coming generations, if not on this side of international catastrophe?

To ask those questions—with the intention of giving them a real, as distinguished from an ideal, answer—is to see that we cannot pray sincerely unless we are also thinking with a view to acting sincerely.—The Living Message.

Young People's Bible Reading

He That Serveth

for Sunday
JAN. 21, 1940.
Matthew 20: 17-28.

by BEREAN

OUR Lord had bidden a final farewell to Galilee. "What He had planned to do was to reach Jerusalem in time for the Feast of the Passover, when more people would be gathered together within its precincts than at any other time.

"The route He took was through the large district Peraea on the eastern side of Jordan and the indications are that He remained there for some time teaching and preaching before recrossing the river at the entrance to the Dead Sea and making His way up through the plain of Jericho to the bold ridge of rock from which it was possible to look down on Jerusalem before entering the city." (R. J. Campbell.)

A considerable portion of St. Luke's Gospel is devoted to this Peraean ministry. It was from Peraea that He went into Judea to comfort the mourners in Bethany and raise their brother from the dead. (John 11)

Reading the portions of the Gospels dealing with this Peraean mission, we feel that its end and goal is the final appeal to Jerusalem. During this period His warnings to His disciples regarding His coming passion and resurrection became more and more frequent and definite. (Mark 10:32-34 and other passages)

"But they themselves tell us that they did not in the least understand Him. In common with all their countrymen, they expected a Messiah who should sit on the throne of David, and of whose reign there should be no end. They believed Jesus was this Messiah; and it was to them utterly incomprehensible that, instead of reigning, He should be killed on His arrival at Jerusalem." (Stalker)

THE JERUSALEM ROAD

"THE road to Jerusalem was now crowded with people going up to keep the Passover; family groups picking up their friends on the way; pilgrims from afar on camels and horses; country people on asses or afoot; pedlars with their wares, fruit sellers with their baskets—a great, bustling crowd, pressing on to Jerusalem.

"One group by itself, looking troubled and perplexed, and away in front of them their lonely Leader, with the firm resolve in His heart, and the glory of self-sacrifice so apparent in His face that a great awe has fallen on His followers. 'They were amazed'. St. Mark says, 'and as they followed they were afraid' . . .

To serve is the highest, noblest calling in creation. For even the Son of Man came not to be ministered unto but to minister.

* * *

The way to worship God while daylight lasts is to work: the service of God, the only "divine service" is the helping of our fellows.—George MacDonald.

* * *

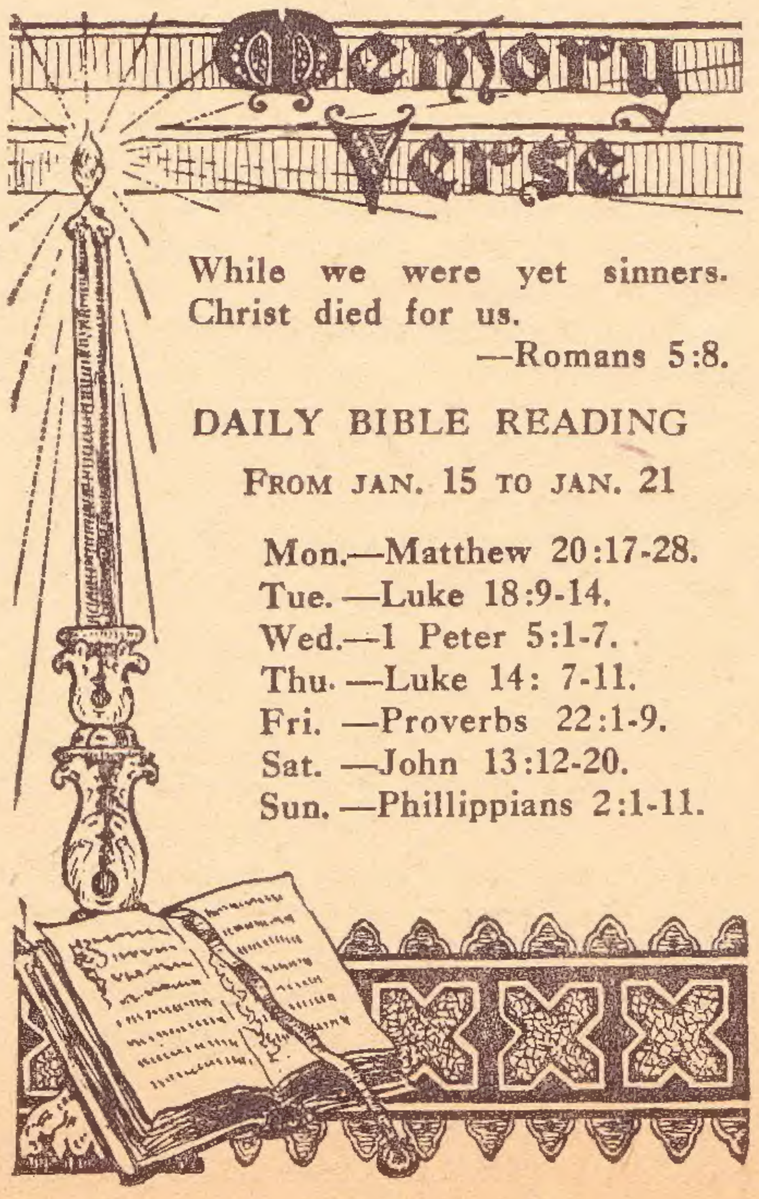
True greatness is by none possessed
Without humility,
He must in heaven be confessed
To rank amongst the lowliest,
Who would the greatest be.

* * *

Wouldst thou be great, then never fear
To be esteemed small,
He cannot thus himself appear
Who holds his Master's honor dear—
He must "be last of all."

—Anon.

"They evidently had a notion that a crisis of some sort was near. Perhaps they thought the great crowd in Jerusalem . . . would now rise against the Romans, and make Him a king. Perhaps the people on the road showed signs of this feeling. Perhaps it was through fear of encouraging some foolish rising that He called His disciples apart to tell them something very solemn and sad." (18-19) (Paterson Smyth)



JAMES AND JOHN

IT was just at this time that the mother of James and John came with her sons, desiring a certain thing of him. "The mother was, perhaps, Salome (27:56), who may have been a sister to the Virgin, in which case family relationship may have prompted the request." (Box)

Perhaps the thing they sought was suggested by His promise to the disciples. (19:28) "The principal ministers of a king sat on his right hand and on his left." (Box)

"It is so like a mother—everything for her sons; nothing for herself. That is the good side of it—but the bad is very bad. They and Peter were the Lord's closest friends. They thought, because they were relatives, that they could oust Peter, and come behind backs and ask special favor for themselves. And this, after all His beautiful life and teaching about self-sacrifice—after being told that he was going up . . . to sacrifice Himself for others. Don't you think the Lord would feel lonely and disappointed?" (Paterson Smyth)

Jesus answered and said—Truly they did not know what they asked. The places in the Kingdom do not come by favor. Perhaps looking forward He could see who would actually be on His right and left hand a few weeks hence. (Matt. 27:38)

Are ye able . . .? They say unto him, We are able.—They understood what He meant. "'Cup' is a frequent metaphor in the O.T. for suffering or sorrow." (Box) Like most people their characters were of mingled strength and weakness. They were ambitious, but they were brave, loyal men willing to follow their Master anywhere.

My cup indeed ye shall drink.—"The Lord saw the good in them as well as the evil. He knew that in the days to come they, like Himself, would know the glory of self-sacrifice. So He answered kindly. . . . What did He promise them? . . . Pain—self-sacrifice—death for the sake of Christ and His Gospel. These He thought better for them than thrones without Him." (Paterson Smyth) James was the first of the twelve to suffer martyrdom. John lived to be an old man but he went through suffering, persecution and sorrow, so he also drank of the Cup.

TRUE GREATNESS

THE ten were moved with indignation.—Their resentfulness must have hurt our Lord almost as much as

(Please turn to Page 8.)

POOR MAN'S FORTUNE

(Continued from Page 4.)

apathy of his generation—an age that had been too busy fighting a great war to find time to train its children in the principles of religion. Yet in spite of himself he realised that he must face modern problems for the sake of his own peace of mind.

Jean, an educated girl, despised organised Christianity for its futility and hypocrisy. Robert Fairbairn stood for the church, but lacked charity in the midst of plenty. Arnold M'Nair was striving to solve the problems of the world's need with a Ping Pong Club, two sermons and a prayer meeting a week. Jock Campbell was up against the church because it seemed apathetic to his particular class. Donald thought of the slums, their gangs, their overcrowding, their entrenched fortresses of the drink traffic, their derelict crowds mad on dogs and football pools, their children in the streets, and he felt that there was no solution to the problem.

"Ping Pong Clubs—prayer meetings—resolutions by Presbyteries to the Prime Minister—public comdemnation of drink, sabbath-breaking, betting, all that kind of thing—shouting aloud from the housetops—these modern Sons of Thunder who cannot even raise a respectable thunder—they're like kids blowing on penny trumpets." He asked himself the question, "Now what would be my attitude if I were in the place of some of these folk, reading day after day that the church the crumbs from the table—and it's going down, that's more. He's making the fellows feel that this place is a disgrace to the neighbourhood, the leisured high-brow patronising the working-classes. He's too clever to show his feelings out and out or to tell the fellows straight to bust up the whole show. But he knows his men—hit the pride of Glasgow boys and you hit them."

(To Be Continued.)

Alcohol Deterrent

ANY form of sustained labor, manual and mental, is deterred by alcohol. Yet the head of Canada Breweries Co. Ltd., says "increase sales in war time."

For maximum military efficiency we must restrict drink as it is a danger to the officers' mess and parents have a right to know that their sons are not exposed to unneccessary temptation. We cannot protect soldiers from venereal diseases if we allow full access to alcohol.

The victims of alcohol go to jail, not the man who says "increase sales and increase liquor dividends in war time." —White Ribbon Tidings.

School Days

Maltbie D. Babcock

Lord, let me make this rule,
To think of life as school,
And try my best
To stand each test,
And do my work,
And nothing shirk.

If weary with my book
I cast a wistful look
Where posies grow;
Oh, let me know
That flowers within
Are best to win.

These lessons thou dost give
To teach me how to live,
To do, to bear,
To get my share,
To work and to play,
And trust alway.

What though I may not ask
To choose my task?
Thou hast decreed
To meet my need;
What pleases thee
That shall please me.

Some day the bell will sound,
Some day my heart will bound,
As with a shout
That school is out;
And lessons done,
I homeward run.

HE THAT SERVETH

(Continued from Page 7.)

the self-seeking of the other two. "The same disease of ambition and self-seeking was in them all. See how kindly he bears with them. Think how His words should draw out all that was good in them.'" (Paterson Smyth)

He called them unto Him.—We often hear of our Lord taking His twelve friends apart when He wanted to teach them something very important. We may imagine that in discussing the conduct of James and John they had dropped further behind Him on the road.

Here is a little warning for us. We are so apt in our little personal disputes to let the space widen between us and our Master. He is continually calling to us to come up to Him. The nearer we come to Him the nearer we shall be to each other.

He said, "Ye know that the rulers of the Gentiles lord it over them, and their great ones exercise authority over them." "Lord it,—that is rule haughtily and tyrannically—the rule of a despot. An exact picture of an Oriental court with its different grades, the monarch, the nobles, the officials, the inferior servants each tyrannizing over the one below it." (Marshall)

In the Kingdom of Heaven the order is reversed, He is greatest who serves most. "Whoever wants to become great among you must be your servant, and whoever wants to take the first place amnog you must be your slave." (20th Century N.T.)

To Give His Life—

EVEN as the Son of man.—The Jews of His day, quoting from Daniel, from Ezekiel and from their apocalyptic "Book of Enoch" used often to speak of One like unto the Son of man coming in the clouds of heaven. Here our Lord shows that He has come in a greater glory, that of sacrificial service, because loving service is not only "the greatest thing in the world" but the greatest thing possible in any world.

"The ambition of men is to have many servants—the ambition of Christ was to serve. . . . That was the glory He sought; and He goes on to tell of the very height of that glory. 'And to give His life'—what a lovely world heaven must be when that is the object of aim and ambition." (Paterson Smyth) "The crowning act of service is the supreme act of self-sacrifice." (Box)

His life.—The word "life" here is the same as we have met before in these studies. It is "soul", it is "self." Our Lord not only "gave His life" for us when dying on the Cross, His whole life, like the life of God, was a giving of Himself to and for men.

A ransom.—This is the only place in the Gospels where the word occurs. "Payment made for the redemption of a slave. . . . The price paid for the redemption of mankind from the slavery of sin and death." (Marshall)

Sacrifice for others is the great law of Humanity. It may be said that everything we have comes through vicarious suffering. It is the life of the highest Humanity. It is the life of God.

"The death of Christ was a representation of the life of God. To me this is the profoundest of all truths, that the whole of the life of God is the sacrifice of self. God is Love; love is sacrifice—to give rather than to receive—the blessedness of self-giving. . . The death of Christ was the sacrifice of God—the manifestation once in time of that which is the eternal law of His life." (F. W. Robertson)

Questions

1. What did our Lord tell the twelve as they went toward Jerusalem?
2. What did the mother of James and John ask Him?
3. What did He tell these two disciples?
4. How did the other disciples feel?
5. "Whosoever will be great——" Complete the verse.
6. What does "minister" mean here?
7. "The Son of man came not——" Complete the verse.
8. "God commendeth his love toward us—" Complete the verse.

(For Answers please turn to Page 12.)

JACK TO THE RESCUE

(Continued from Page 5.)

Ted hung on frantically to the thin edge of ice. His body was getting paralyzed in the icy water. He could not swim if he tried now. His fingers were getting numb, and little by little he was losing his grip. He tried to shout, but his teeth were chattering so, he made no sound. He could see the boys coming. Bruce was ahead, but they were still a good piece away. Would they make it in time?

Bruce grabbed for him, but missed; grabbed again, and managed to catch his clothing, but he was so intent on rescuing Ted, he forgot his own safety. He leaned too far over the edge and toppled into the water. He clutched at the edge of the ice with one hand, while with the other he struggled to keep Ted above water. He whooped at Jim to hurry.

Jim by this time had almost reached them. He was down, now, crawling on his hands and knees.

"Lie down flat," ordered Bruce, "and give me your hand." Jim did as he was told, but he knew he would never get both boys out unaided. He was smaller than either of them and the ice was too thin to stand much. He could only lie and hang on to Bruce, while Bruce kept Ted's head out of the water. He whooped with all his might, and after what seemed to him an eternity, an answering whoop was heard.

'It's s-s-somebody coming with a p-p-pole," shivered Bruce.

The "somebody" turned out to be Jack Richards, and he carried with him a stout pole. He handed one end to Bruce, while he and Jim grabbed the other. Bruce hung to the pole with all his might with one arm, and to Ted with the other, while Jack and Jim pulled them both to safety.

By this time Ted was unconscious. Jack hauled off his own coat, wrapped it around the boy, and lifted him in his arms. He ordered Bruce to skate as fast as ever he could. "Follow me, boys," he said, "we'll have to get this fellow in as quick as possible and get a doctor."

It was about half a mile from the middle of the lake to the Richards house, and Jack and Jim took turns carrying Ted, while Bruce skated as quickly as possible to keep from freezing. In about twenty minutes they reached their destination.

Bruce was all right after he was given a hot drink, and some of Jack's dry clothing. Ted's condition, however, was more serious. A doctor was called for immediately, and in about an hour, they succeeded in bringing the boy back to consciousness again. He had suffered severely from the cold and was still very weak and exhausted. When he learned where he was and who his rescuer was he demanded to see him.

When Jack was brought in, Ted stretched out his hand to him and grinned. "I guess I owe you my life," he said simply.

"You can thank Bruce for that," asserted Jack. "He hung onto you until I came." "Oh, I can thank him some other time," replied Ted. "I guess you made the final rescue, anyway. If we had asked you with us in the first place, perhaps it wouldn't have happened. We meant to, but we were in such a hurry to get skating, we didn't," Ted confessed.

"Well, I'm not sure if I could have gone or not," said Jack, "but I could have told you the ice wasn't safe. It wasn't frozen in the middle until yesterday, so it couldn't have been very firm yet."

"But, why wouldn't you have come with us?" questioned Ted. "Do you not like to skate?" "Oh, yes, it isn't that," said Jack, "but I have a younger brother who is an invalid, and since we've moved to Reedsville he gets very lonely at times. He can't move around at all, so he hasn't made any friends, you see. He likes me to stay with him, and I spend all my time with him when not at school." Ted was amazed.

"Say, Jack, we didn't know that! I have a younger brother who'll be glad to come and see him occasionally, and we all will. Perhaps if we can keep him amused you would join us in our sports, will you?"

"Yes," replied Jack; "I've been wanting to get acquainted with you fellows, but I didn't feel like leaving Billy, when he was so lonesome."

"Well, we're a dumb lot," ejaculated Ted, "here we've been wondering what was keeping you home and not one of us came near you to find out. I don't know what we'd have done today if it wasn't for you," he finished drowsily.

"Aw, forget about it," said Jack, and went out to let Ted sleep himself back to health again.

Don't Interfere With Dogs While They Are Eating

I HAVE known cases in which persons in charge of children have made no attempt to prevent them caressing dogs when they are feeding, though at such times, the best-tempered dog in the world may resent interference even from members of his own family.

I have seldom had a dog that did object for the simple reason that I get them used to being handled at such times. I will play with them, pretend to take bones out of their mouths, and so on, and sometimes deprive them of them altogether for a few seconds, making believe that it is all a game.

After a course of such treatment a dog usually becomes quite dependable, but, not taking any risks, I would not allow a child to interfere with one at mealtimes.

Many dogs object strongly to anyone crawling towards them on the floor, and will often show their dislike by growling. Why they should, I cannot say. To go after one under a table where he had taken refuge would make matters worse.—Philokuon.

First Sleeper

IN August, 1859, the first railway sleeping car was run on the Chicago and Alton Railroad of the United States of America. Some years later the Pullman Palace Car Company was formed, and so the era of sleeping car travel was ushered in. In Europe the first "sleeper" was brought into use between Paris and Vienna in May, 1873, and in the month of September that year the first British sleeping berth train appeared on the East Coast main line between King's Cross, Edinburgh and Glasgow. Today the sleeper, first and third class, is an indispensable feature of all long-distance night travel on the railways of Britain; and British 'sleepers' are fitted with the most modern equipment, including shower baths, air-conditioned and electrically-heated vehicles.

"Some One"

Roger Babson said: "When America's keenest minds are using the newspapers, magazines, movies and radio to entice youth to drink whisky, smoke more cigarettes, and make heroes of criminals, these youths should hear the other side of the argument by someone."

Will you be a "some one" to publish the TRUTH, the scientific facts, about shrong drink and the dangers of the cocktail and the cigarette?

During the Great War.

DURING the Great War pigeons were used on a large scale. Many wonderful stories were told of their faithfulness. One bird was sent out from Verdun—which was never taken by the Germans—with the message: "Telephone communications are cut. We are resisting." This message brought up reinforcements and the position was saved.—C.E.N.

Hockey Thrills!

"THE PLAYER FROM ELMDALE"

by Gordon Phillip England

STARTS VERY SOON

Tell your Friends about it.

DEAR CHUMS,

Where are all the nice letters we used to get? Have you forgotten how to write? Last week you did splendidly and we had a whole page full, but this week the poor old Mail Bag is limp and flat and empty as can be. I know you all enjoy the Chums' Page and if you are to go on enjoying it, everyone must do his or her part in making it interesting. That means WRITE LETTERS.

I wonder how many people read the Chums' Page who have never written a letter to the Page themselves? How do you think we get letters to put there? There is positively no need to be shy. Every new writer is welcomed with delight by the editors of the Page and all the Chums.

I wonder if you don't write because you *think* you have nothing interesting to say. What do you do when your friends come to see you? Don't you talk about what you have been doing and seeing? They find it interesting and so should we. When you meet a new person you enjoy hearing about their home and friends and what they do. Did you ever meet a person who had nothing to say, wouldn't talk to you or even answer your questions? You probably thought to yourself "Isn't he (or she) 'dumb'!" But that is just what chums are who don't write to their own Chums' Mail Bag. You don't want to be a bunch of dumb bunnies, do you? I KNOW you don't. And I know that from now on you are going to write letters and write interesting ones, too.

There are so many interesting things happening now, with winter sports in full swing, skating parties and toboggan parties and all sorts of fun to tell your friends about and give them new ideas to try out. So come on and write! The Mail Bag will be full, our hearts will be happy and our heads and hands busy!

YOUR LOVING AUNT RUTH.

* * *

To MARJORIE GEORGE from MARJORIE BURGESS

Dear Marjorie,—I am sorry not to have written before. I am home from school for the Christmas holidays, but we haven't had much snow yet, so it hasn't looked much like Christmas. Did you have a nice time Christmas day? I did and got many nice presents. I read your letter in the Chums' Mail Bag to the Spirit of Christmas. I have been to two Christmas entertainments, one at the Church and one at the School.

I suppose your kittens are getting to be big now. I like the names you got for them. Our cat Pussy Willow has four kittens, Buff, Fluff, Ruff and Tuff. And they are getting to be big kittens now. Fluff is mine. He is black with some white. What color is your horse? Our colt's name is Nellie too.

I think it would be nice having holidays in the winter. We just get two months in the summer and a week in the winter for Christmas. What time do your holidays in the winter start?

I have one sister and one brother older than myself. Did you get all the pictures of the King and Queen saved? I saved them too. You were lucky to see them three times.

I am about five feet six and a half inches in my stocking feet. I have dark brown hair and brown eyes. I weigh about the same as you. How are you getting along in music? We have two baby lambs.

I will close now, wishing you a happy New Year. Your Pen Pal,—Marjorie Burgess, Ont.

Ans.—A nice, chummy letter, Marjorie. Keep it up.—A. R.

Dear Aunt Ruth and Chums,—How are you all? I hope you got over Christmas and hope you do over New Year's. What did you get for Christmas? I got skates.

I see in the Chums' Page that I have three letters to write so guess it is time I started. Here goes:

MARGARET PERRY

Dear Margaret Perry,—Indeed I like anyone for a pen pal. Do you go to a rural school? I do. We just have a Junior Red Cross the last Friday in every month. It is lots of fun, isn't it? I like the Anne books too; my favorite author is A. L. Montgomery and Elinor Porter and Gene Stratton Porter. Have you ever read *The Girl of the Limberlost* or *Freckles?* They are very good books. Do you get report cards? We do. Well, I must close. A Chum,—Margaret E. Stevenson, Ont.

P.S.—Write soon; don't take as long as I did.—M.E.S.

THE BOOT WARMER

By HENRY H. GRAHAM

THREE cowboys pitched camp one chilly November day in the edge of the foothills of the Rockies. The days were not uncomfortably cold, but the nights were nippy in the extreme.

One of the cowboys named Jim decided to take his boots to bed with him so that they would be nice and warm when the time came to put them on in the morning. He thought he had stolen a march on his buddies for they had not done anything with their boots.

"I feel sorry for you fellows," Jim said in the cold dawn that followed. "If you had put your shoes in bed like I did they'd be warm now."

Jim proudly and triumphantly yanked forth the boots he had taken to bed with him. But the grin froze on his face. The boots were Joe's. His own were lying on the ground covered with frost.

MONEY FOR NOTHING

OWING to the provision of cheap transport, coupled with the fact that the ownership of a motorcar is now within the means of a large portion of the population, taxi drivers in many parts are finding that their occupation is not so lucrative as formerly says the "Christian Herald."

In Japan, however, the limit is reached when taxi drivers are even said to be able to earn more money by sitting at home and doing absolutely nothing.

The reason for this is the shortage of petrol. Taxi-men are allowed 100 to 150 ration petrol tickets, but private motorists cannot get so many. As a result the private motorist is a good customer for unwanted tickets, and many cases are known where the taximan sells his ration tickets at a useful profit and stays at home on the proceeds.

This state of affairs came to light when there was experienced a shortage of taxi-cabs on the streets which led to complaints. An odd feature of the situation is that it is quite legal for the taximen to sell their tickets in this way.

Brown: "Is there any truth in the rumor that Joe Skinflint has bought that filling station at the corner?"

Green: "Well, I don't know for sure, but the 'free air' sign was taken down yesterday."

Hockey Thrills!

"THE PLAYER FROM ELMDALE"

by Gordon Phillip England

STARTS VERY SOON

Tell your Friends about it.

Among the Deep-Sea Fishers

FOR the first time in my thirty five years' issionary work in northern Newfoundland and Labrador, I have been to the St. Anthony hospital for diagnosis and medical treatment. I have gone through those crowded wards, studied the faces and made enquiries of the patients. What pathos and yet what pleasure such a visit gives. Pain, perplexity, fear, hope—all mingle.

One condition, however, pervades the whole atmosphere—a peaceful calm; the consciousness that all possible is being done for them by skilled angels of mercy and in most, if not all cases, a resignation to the will of Providence.

Unanimously the patients applaud the remarkable treatment they receive. Individually they testify that from the Superintendent, Dr. Curtis, and his assistants, Dr. Patton and Dr. Stewart, they receive not merely perfunctory routine treatment, but attention and a touch that sets them a ease. From Miss Carlson, the very efficient Head Nurse and her devoted assistants, they have learned from experience to expect the best of care and attention.

Verily, St. Anthony hospital is a real haven of refuge for the sick of northern Newfoundland and Labrador. The poorest patient who cannot pay a cent is given the best skill of the institution; the richest can get no more, and this treatment is not exceeded by that of any hospital in Newfoundland.

As I emerged from the doorway of the hospital as a discharged patient, my thoughts turned naturally to the unique character and personality of him who under God's guidance planted this center of mercy in the midst of the poor fishermen of these coasts.

A stroll in and around the dwelling of Sir Wilfred and Lady Grenfell served to awaken most pleasant memories. On the occasion of my last visit to their home, (some twenty years ago) the walls echoed back the voices of two boys: also a little girl whom at the request of her parents, I took into my arms and said, "Rosamond, I baptize thee into the Name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost, Amen!"

In the dawn following my last night at his hospitable home, I was awakened by Sir Wilfred saying, "Richards, it is pretty stormy, but we shall get ready for St. Leonard's in case the blizzard lifts a little." He had a sick call and as I was going to the Strait of Belle Isle, beyond St. Leonard's he put in a few dogs with my smaller team and we went on my komatik. Instead of following the beaten trail around by Brahat, Sir Wilfred proposed that we go straight through the country to the bottom of St. Leonard's Bay. On the journey, noticing how much he ran, I said to him, "Don't you get tired running so much?" He replied, "I could run all day without getting tired."

The Grenfell's house in St. Anthony is on the hillside near the hospital. Thirty five years ago, this whole west side of St. Anthony in the vicinity of the Mission was bleak and barren. One could walk in snowshoes straight up the hill over the tiny fir and spruce trees all covered in winter snow. Now a fine forest with trees reaching upwards of twenty feet high and ten inches in diameter bear witness to the fostering care of Sir Wilfred and the Mission staff.

Combining as he does, rare surgical ability with great business acumen and endless patience for detail, Dr. Curtis has done and is still doing a remarkable work in these regions. His plan for the development and re-arrangement of the Mission estate at St. Anthony, now being slowly carried out, will transform it into a place of real beauty.

A visit to the Orphanage gave genuine pleasure. This branch of the Mission's activities must appeal to all who have real sympathy for little ones bereft of one or both parents and who must be both naked and hungry if left in their homes without a bread-winner. Their happy contented faces give ample proof of the genius of Mr. Brown and his good wife, now in charge, for the work they are so successfully doing.

In the industrial Department, Miss Janet Stewart, the superintenedent, showed us specimens of the excellent work turned out. We can only hope that the day is not far distant when a loom will be in every home in the Strait of Belle Isle as well as on the east side of the great northern peninsula, while flocks of sheep will be as common as teams of dogs are today.—J. T. Richards.

Canon Richards is the Church of England Dean who has devoted his life to serving the people along the Straits of Belle Isle.

—Amongst the Deep-Sea Fishers

THE life-boat may have a tasteful bend and beautiful decoration, but these are not the qualities for which I prize it; it was my salvation from the howling sea. So the interest I take in the Bible is founded on a personal application of the saving truth it contains.—J. W. Alexander.

"A Happy New Year"

I have enjoyed the stories of your paper very much and wish all members of your staff a Happy New Year and encouragement for another year's work. Yours sincerely,

Miss Grace Richardson.

Hillsdale, Ont.

* * *

Dec. 8, 1939.

Dear Sirs,—Our children and myself prize the Messenger very much, indeed there is no paper coming to our house that we value more and that is saying quite a good deal. Also please renew the New Witness; it keeps one's heart strengthened as we are reminded that throughout the world this very sound and fundamental work is progressing.

With deep appreciation for the work you are doing. Very sincerely,

Rev. Geo. F. Denyes.

* * *

Rathwell, Man.

Calgary, Sept. 25, 1939.

Dear Editors,—I have read the Northern Messenger all my life. I began when a child and all my children read it. Now I am giving it to a grandchild for two years as a birthday present. I have looked at other youth's papers, but have not found anything as good and interesting as the Messenger. I have a very strong hatred of the liquor traffic. I got it mainly from the information received from the Northern Messenger. I consider you have performed an absolutely priceless service to Canada and I pray God it may long continue. Very sincerely yours,

Ada M. Peppard.

"I Was a Stranger"

"The world's way of treating the outsider or the foreigner had been either (1) to ignore him or (2) to fight him or (3) to exploit him. None of th se accords with the Christian ideal. The policy which the Church must maintain is different. It should be to cooperate with him by (1) sharing the best you have and (2) by meeting his basic needs."—Advance.

Canadian Christian Dollars for China

Previously acknowledged and forwarded		$459.48
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Mrs. C. J. MacKenzie, N.S. ...	1.03	
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"Sympathetic Friend", Ont. .	3.00	
Jerry Srigley, Ont.	5.00	126.79
Total		$586.27

FINDING OF LOST MINE

(Continued From Page 2.)

to cry, "Plenty of time for him to have found you."

"Perhaps they caught him," said Uncle Jed in a calculating way, but I shook my head.

"Pete is the best runner in the township and knows the woods like a book," I put in, sure that could not be it.

"Was there any shooting about that time?" Uncle Jed looked worried when he asked this question, and mother's answer made us both feel better.

"Not a bit. I don't think they were hunters, just a noisy crowd; but why didn't Pete find you or else come back to the house?"

"Probably cut off from both ways," was Uncle Jed's conclusion, "but don't worry about Pete. I don't know of any one better able to take care of himself than he is." And tired as he was, he went in to take off his best overcoat and came to help me with the chores.

Cherry was not in the barnyard, but soon came wandering in when I called, and I fed both her and Fan and then led them up and shut them in the old shed back of the house.

I tried to trace Pete's steps; but the snow in the barnyard had been tracked over so much it showed nothing distinctly. The thing that puzzled me more than anything else was what had become of Jack. Mother said he disappeared about the time that Pete went and she had not seen him since.

"I trust him for taking care of himself," grunted Uncle Jed as he limped in with me when I had finished milking. Uncle Jed was not used to the strenuous life he had led the last few days and his rheumatism was beginning to punish him.

It was a pretty sober bunch that gathered at the supper table that night; and quiet; for we were everyone of us listening hoping to hear Pete's step or whistle.

Nothing came, however, and we finished supper, did up the dishes, and the little girls went to bed, all in the same glum silence.

"I simply can't bear to think of that boy out, nobody knows where, in this cold," fretted mother as we gathered dismally about the snapping hickory fire; and just then I heard a scratching and then a whine at the door.

"Jack!" I cried, springing up.

"Make sure first!" warned Uncle Jed, but I couldn't wait.

In less than a minute I had the door unbarred and open. In darted Jack and began fawning on each of us in turn, but no Pete followed. Outside the bright starlight on the snow made everything stand out clear and distinct, but Pete was not there.

"Jack! Jack!" I said sharply, cutting short his fawning over me, "Where's Pete, Pete, old fellow?" And then Jack went to the door and whined.

"Something has happened to him." Mother's voice sounded strange and queer and, without a word, I went to the kitchen for my coat and the lantern.

When I got back Uncle Jed was trying to drag himself out of the chair to which his rheumatic old bones seemed determined to cling.

"You mustn't go alone, boy," he said trying not to groan with the stiffness, and then mother laid her hand on his arm.

"I'll go with him," she declared bravely and, though we both objected and told her it would never do, she insisted until it ended by her having her own way.

I made her wrap up good and warm and put on her overshoes, for there was no telling how far we might have to walk, and then we set out: I carrying the gun and mother clinging to my arm with one hand, and holding the lantern with the other.

Jack, who had not ceased to beg and whine at the door ever since I had asked for Pete, darted out as soon as it was opened, and started in the direction of the barn; running back every little way to make sure we were folowing. It was plain that he knew just where he wanted to go and was eager to have us come too.

I was pretty nervous as we passed the big dark barn and the yawning blackness of the long, open shed. I felt the responsibility of having mother with me and wished that I had stood out to have Uncle Jed; but mother did not seem to have any fear except of losing sight of Jack.

As we were going around the curve of the hillside leading to the creek bottom, a loud yell in the woods before us brought a choking into my throat. I grabbed mother's arm and drew her close, facing about with our backs against the steep bank. For a full minute I stood there, my heart pounding against my ribs, uncertain whether to shoot or run.

Then the cry broke out again, this time from up the hill, and Jack, who had run back to us when we stopped, whined with impatience for us to hurry.

"How loud those screech owls sound in the darkness," said mother in a hushed voice. And then we moved on after Jack.

A little further on we were halted again by a loud crackling in the brush. This time I hid my lantern and Jack ran back to us bristling and growling.

I put mother behind me and raised the gun ready cocked, waiting for the thing to break out through the brush next to us: but whatever it was, it rustled on and past, showing no interest in us at all.

(Please Turn to Page 13.)

ANSWERS TO YOUNG PEOPLE'S BIBLE READING

1. That He would suffer, would be killed and would rise again.
2. That her two sons should sit the one on His right hand and the other on His left in His kingdom.
3. Matt. 20:22, 23.
4. They felt indignant against James and John.
5. Matt. 20:26, 27.
6. Servant.
7. Matt. 20:28.
8. "In that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." (Rom. 5:8)

Northern Messenger

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Published Weekly

A Christian Service for the Whole Family of the Sunday School Scholar

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Keep Your Wits Working

RHYMING RIDDLE

My 1st is in sail. It's also in steam.
My 2nd's in milk. It isn't in cream.
My 3rd's in skate. It isn't in ice.
My 4th's in cat. It isn't in mice.
My 5th's in grin. It isn't in laugh.
My 6th's in fun. It isn't in chaff.
My 7th's in pudding. It isn't in pie.
My whole—I know that to guess it you'll try.
Now the cold weather has come to stay
We'll enjoy my whole for many a day.

TANGLED RIVERS

1. LINE. 2. ETHSAM. 3. RODNAJ. 4. DUNSOH. 5. RESRAF. 6. EECKIMNAZ.

JUMBLED COUNTRIES

1. EEERCG. 2. ALAMTAGEU. 3. TIIAH. 4. JEHZA. 5. GUNYRHA. 6. DANFLIN.

MORE OLD RIDDLES

1. What sort of a dog would you expect to find above the clouds?
2. When is a door not a door?
3. Why is the letter W like gossips?
4. What is that which is invisible and yet never out of sight?
5. Why should a match between a man named Ben and a girl named Anne be a good one?
6. Why is a horse like a wheelbarrow?
7. What is the longest word in the dictionary?

GAME

Merchant. One player is merchant. He imitates a salesman selling an article and describes it without telling name, others try to guess. The one who guesses will be next salesman.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

More Trees of the Bible.—1. Pomegranate—I Sam. 14:2. 2. Cedars—Psa. 104:16. 3. Thorn, Fir—Isa. 55:13. 4. Brier, Myrtle—Isa. 55:13. 5. Almond—Eccl. 12:5. 6. Bramble—Judges 9:15.

Rhyming Riddle.—A Happy New Year.

We are all manufacturers . . . making good, making trouble, or making excuses.—Exchange.

Officer—"Why do you pass me without saluting?"

Recruit—"Well, sir, I thought you were still cross with me from yesterday."

ARRANGING THE PARTIES

WITH a little thought and some careful management, a very happy and interesting time can be given the children without incurring very much expense.

Parties will, of course, head the list of the child's holiday pastimes. Even if some effort and scraping is necessary, all parents should do their utmost to arrange a little party for their child, or children, as the case may be. Most children have parties at Christmas and New Year's and a child who cannot return hospitality accorded him will feel the gnawings of inferiority.

Parties can be carried out very reasonably. There is no need for lavish entertainment. If the party is carefully organised, if it is seen that everyone has a thoroughly jolly time, the children will not notice that there were no rich trifles and expensive cakes at the table.

Cakes can be baked at home, and made appealing by some decorative icing. Sandwiches are never ruinous, and trifles and jellies can be plain but appetising.

The Welcome

ON arriving at the party, every child should be personally welcomed by both mother and the child who is giving the party. This is a very charming touch, and makes the guest feel important as well as wanted. Then he (or she) should be introduced to any guests he does not know. A little time should be given for informal chatting—to break the ice, then tea can be served.

And after tea, begin the games. Children are always glad to play at a well-known and favourite game, so plenty of these should be included in the programme.

There should be, amongst others, Find the Thimble, Blowing Out the Candle, Musical Chairs, and Forfeits. As my space is limited, and these games well known, I shall abstain from explaining them.

An Old Favourite

"SIMON SAYS" is another jolly game.

The players arrange themselves so that they can all be observed by the commander. The commander gives out instructions like "Simon says rise on your toes," "Simon says look towards the window," and so on. The players must only execute the command when it is preceded by "Simon says." If the commander says simply, "Rise on your toes," and anyone does that, he or she falls out of the game. The game is continued till one player is left. The commands should, of course, be given as quickly as possible in order to catch the players.

Any new games that are instituted at parties should be easy to understand. Everything should go with a swing, and the children will get bored if the game is developing slowly.

There should be some unorganised periods, too, so that the children can either chat or arrange little games among themselves.—Methodist Times.

FINDING OF LOST MINE

(Continued From Page 12.)

Then it grew quiet again and Jack led on as before. This time he went along the edge of the hill instead of over and I saw he was leading us straight toward the entrance of Lost Mine.

The very thought of the inky blackness in that long dark entry gave me the shivers.

What was simply dismal and gruesome in the daytime, it seemed to me would be intolerable at night, and I felt a sensation of cold and horror as the dog led directly into the wide, black opening in the hill side.

As we scrambled over the uneven ground at the entrance, I hesitated a little, wondering what I had better do with mother while I made my way down the length of the lonely way, but to my surprise she followed right after the dog without faltering.

"This is Lost Mine, Ma," I whispered to her warningly, not wanting her to realize it suddenly when we were too far in to draw back.

"I thought so," she answered under her breath, hurrying fast to keep Jack in sight; for he had broken into a quick dog trot as if almost at the end of his journey.

When we had gone two thirds of the length of the entry, he stopped and began fawning over and caressing something which lay motionless and dark under the dim rays of our lantern.

For a full minute I held back, fearing the worst that could have happened, yet not daring to look and make sure of it: but mother went right down on her knees beside the shapeless bundle of old sacks and muddy clothes.

"Peter, my boy, what have they done to you?" she said in a tone of pitiful anger. And then her handy woman's fingers went to work, pulling and twisting at the rough pieces of sacking and in a minute or two Pete's face was out in the dim light of the lantern, hot, red, and dusty; but very much alive.

"Cut these things off my hands and feet," he said to me quick and short. "And let me out of here."

I did this with my knife, being in a hurry, and then we dragged him up on his stiffened legs.

"My foot's a bit hurt," he said, wincing as his weight came on his right ankle. "They wouldn't have caught me if I hadn't twisted it, but now the thing is to get clear of this place before they come back."

(To Be Continued.)

GINGERBREAD PETIT FOURS

Two eggs, 3-4 cup molasses, 3-4 cup brown sugar, 3-4 cup shortening, 2 1-2 cups flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 cup boiling water, 2 teaspoons ginger, 1 1-2 teaspoons cinnamon, 1-2 teaspoon each of cloves, nutmeg, baking soda and salt.

Add beaten eggs to sugar, molasses and shortening; then mix flour, baking powder, salt, soda and spices and add to first mixture. Last of all add boiling water. Bake in shallow greased baking pan in moderate oven 30 to 40 minutes.

Blackberry Punch.—Cook one quart blackberries with one cup water and squeeze out the juice. Add one cup sugar, the juice of one lemon and one orange, and a few grains of salt. Chill. Dilute with an equal amount of water and serve with crushed ice.

Magic Meringues

When only the yolks of eggs are used in a recipe it is a problem to know what to do with the whites. If there is only one egg white left, beat it stiffly and fold it into a jelly or blancmange. This gives the sweet a delicious frothy texture. But when there are several egg whites left over, why not spoil the family and make some meringues?

Tak two tablespoonfuls of sugar and one tablespoonful of cornflour for each egg white. Beat the egg white very stiffly, and fold in other ingredients. Place tablespoonfuls of the mixture on a baking tin covered with greased paper and bake in a very slow oven for 1 1-2 to 2 hours. For a filling you can use jam, fruit puree or whipped cream.

Utility Pudding

There is often some milk pudding left over from a family meal. Whether it is rice, tapioca, or semolina, use it to make a Utility Pudding. The only other ingredients needed are some stewed fruit, or, failing this, some jam, and a pint of custard.

Arrange the cold pudding neatly in a glass dish, and cover it with the fruit or jam. Make the custard according to the directions on the packet and pour it over the top. Let it set and then decorate as liked.

So there are just a few ideas for you. An ingenious housewife could think of many more for herself. Never waste the left-overs and you will find that the housekeeping money goes much further!—Perthshire Constitutional.

Toys Which are Constructive

By EMMA GARY WALLACE

MANY older people take it for granted that children of the same age are almost certain to enjoy playing with the same sort of toys.

By way of proof of this, they remind us that the baby likes to play with a rattle or a squeaky rubber dog or doll or a ball, while older little girls, for instance, are interested in dolls, the clothing of which can be taken off and put on, and little boys are sure to be pleased with wheeled toys.

There is no gainsaying these facts. Nevertheless, young children of today are admittedly farther advanced mentally in a great many cases, than children of the same age were fifty, thirty, or even twenty years ago.

The reason for this greater development, age for age, is changing times. The child of today accepts the automobile, the radio and the telephone as a matter of course. He is not astonished in the least by what would have amazed his grandparents, or his father or mother when they were his age.

The five-year-old is no longer content, for long, to sit on the floor and play with blocks which can be pushed over very easily, wrecking the structure even before it is completed. He wants something with which he can make more lasting forms. A new kind of block has come on the market which has a locking device so that the pieces stay where they are put. This is more satisfying.

The head of a retail toy department recently explained to the writer that toys which sold readily even two or three years ago, now have less appeal, while certain kinds of toys, which were not bought for young children a year ago, are now in demand.

He explained that in his experience, it was the parents themselves who were delighted with electric trains and things of that kind. The children liked to see them work a few times, and then they were ready to go back to the sets with which they could make things with their own hands — mechanical erector sets, lifting devices and toys which may be used in various ways and for different purposes. This is true, though no little child should be urged to play with such sets. When he is ready for them, if they are at hand, he will make use of them.

All this goes to show that the child of today is eager to work out his own problems and to answer as well as he can his own questions. The child of today enters *into* his play as the child of years ago did not dream of doing. The child of an earlier time liked to hear a story read and re-read and still read again and again. A very young child still enjoys this.

But it is different with little Madge who is thirty-eight months old. She had the gift of a small book for Christmas. When it was read to her, she accompanied the reader the first time, through the book. When Santa was reported as having seated himself in a chair, she exclaimed quickly, "Santa tired!"—at the same time sitting down on a wee chair and relaxing as she imagined he had done. When he was described as hiding behind a door, she ran quickly and played that role herself.

When the story was read to her again, she did not wait to dramatize it after it was read. She went ahead of the reader, remembering clearly what came next. Madge had watched her older sister enact little plays and had amused herself by acting some she had heard over the radio. This had given her a very clear idea of what to do and how to do it.

The child of today is not passive. He is active, dynamic, imaginative, resourceful. He does not wait to be amused; he prefers to take part in whatever is going on. With a very little suggestion and leadership *and the right sort of things to work with*, the age-old cry, "What can I do now?"—is likey to be heard less and less frequently. In many homes it has already ceased.

(Issued by the National Kindergarten Association, 8 West 40th St., New York City.)

A VERSE MAKER'S PRAYER

Lord, take my ear; make it selective,
Train it to be true.
Lord, take my eyes; give them perspective,
Focus them, too.
My hand make effective,
Train it to do.
My feet make objective,
Point them to go.
Lord, take my brain; make it corrective,
Shape it to know.
My heart make protective,
Melt it to flow.

Lord, take my self; make it collective,
Force it to give;
My soul, wish it reflective,
Will it to live.

Take my verse; weld it connective,
Send Thy word through.

—*R. P. K. in "Sharing"*

Northern Messenger

MONTREAL, JANUARY 12, 1940.

PREPARING FOR PEACE

ABOUT fifty years ago a great journalist and good man, W. T. Stead, strongly advocated a United States of Europe. Tennyson had already sung of

> The Parliament of man, the Federation of the world,

but Stead was ready to bring the idea down to a matter-of-fact basis, to provide the Federation with a President and give it a Constitution.

At that time, however, the subject seemed merely academic, for Europe was at peace and everything seemed to point to a peaceful future. The situation is very different today. Since the Great War there have been half a dozen little wars and now the nations are again engaged in a death grapple.

So it is that many of the leading minds of Britain and of other countries in time of war are preparing for peace. They realize that when the present war is over there must be a radical reconstruction of Europe. It must not be a mere carving up and division of territory, as at the Versailles Treaty. It must concern itself not so much with "bounds" that divide as with "bonds" that unite. A Federation of Europe is almost practical politics. That is, that the nations should agree to unite as the provinces of Canada or the individual states in the United States have united. It has been suggested that Canada is a specially excellent model, as we have two peoples with their own customs and their own languages, but which both uphold and co-operate in the Central Government.

It is not generally recognized that a start has already been made in the intimate relations now existing between France and Britain. A recent article in *The Times* points out that in the appointment of a Supreme Council and inter-Allied High Command there exists today "a standing organ of government with a powerful influence over two distinct sovereign States and a combination of armed forces under unified control." Neither Britain or France worry in the least that in these relations their "sovereignty" is limited. Rather they feel more secure because "unity is strength."

Within the last sixty years or so every nation has become "a nation of shopkeepers" and the interests of trade have often caused friction between nations. But trade today has a way of reaching beyond national barriers.

The *Times* article points out that as far as Britain and France are concerned, "steel, tin, zinc, aluminum, rubber, sugar, tea, meat and other vital products are already under some form of international control." But again neither the people nor the business men of France or of Britain worry in the least, because here again they find strength and security in unity.

France Would Welcome Federation

M. DALADIER, the French Premier, said the other day that France would welcome a new Europe of federated states, but that the republic would continue to fight until given "material and positive guarantees" against further rule of force.

"We are ready for our part to collaborate with all those who pursue the same goal as we. . . The French-British union is open to all. . . The new Europe will have to be given more extensive organization than that existing up to the present. . . It will be necessary to increase trade and perhaps to consider federated links between the different states of Europe."

There is no doubt that a large proportion of the people of Europe would welcome anything that would remove the ever-present threat of war. To touch the general imagination the "new Europe" must bring about something much bigger than a World Court, much more realistic than the League of Nations. Along with a real limitation of sovereignty by the nations, it must embody a plan to bear each other's burdens, — financial and otherwise — and must give access to raw materials to all nations on equal terms. In short it will mean that Europe,—and finally the World,—will consider itself a unit rather than a theatre of national rivalries.

We do not always remember that at one time a great part of Europe, Asia and Africa was under one system of law, with the roads and seas open everywhere to peaceful merchants and travellers. The Roman Empire fell because its aims and its methods were materialistic and because it became more and more diseased at the heart.

But it embodied a splendid and a practical ideal. It lasted for hundreds of years and if it had taken the Gospel to heart,—instead of merely adopting its forms,—it might have saved the world centuries of barbarism and bloodshed.

The best way for us to prepare for a "new Europe" and a "new World" is to put its principles to work among ourselves. To cast out jealousy, spite and greed and as sons and daughters of God to enthrone God's peace and goodwill in all the relations of life.

It was said of the early Christians that "one loving heart set another on fire." Let it be so with us and as the fire spreads from individual to individual and from community to community it will melt the ice of selfishness that at present locks up so many hearts and will make way for a summer of peace, happiness, helpfulness and contentment for all the peoples of the earth.

The Sure Foundation

THE spirit in which any after-the-war arrangement should be brought about was splendidly expressed by the late Lord Haig, commander of the British forces in the Great War, in addressing a large gathering of Scottish students:

"No political expedient, no military preparedness can guarantee the kind of peace on which the heart of the world is set. The Christian religion, backed by a united Christendom and a church as daring and heroic along spiritual lines as the army has been along military lines, is the only hope of the world and of the solution of the teeming problems with which this world is faced."

A large percentage of the finest and fittest men—and women—will be no longer with us after the war. The task of reconstruction will rest on the weaker shoulders of those who were too old, too young or too unfit to go to war.

All who possess the secret of rebuilding people must work doubly hard to strengthen the home front and prepare those who are left to bear the heavy burdens that will come upon them.

We will need more than ever a cure for crime, for mental diseases, for disillusionment, for broken homes and broken hearts. We have the cure for all these in the power of Christ. We must develop and practise to the fullest extent our capability of drawing on that power and applying it to our needs and to the need of the world.

SUCCESS

By Mrs. A. G. Stanley.

HE has achieved success who has lived well, laughed often, and loved much; who has gained the respect of intelligent men and the love of little children; who has filled his niche and accomplished his task; who has left the world better than he found it, whether by an improved poppy, a perfect poem or a rescued soul; who has never lacked appreciation of earth's beauty or failed to express it; who has always looked for the best in others and given the best he had; whose life is an inspiration, whose memory a benediction.

THE REDSKINS

By Fred Bodsworth.

SINCE the time of the early settlers in America the Indians have been called "redskins" yet their skin is a dull brown hue. We of today get the impression that their skin is a coppery red color from this erroneous name given them by the early inhabitants of Canada and United States. But the name "redskin" does not refer to the natural color of the Indians' skin but to the bright red vegetable dyes and paints with which some tribes colored themselves. The Indians were fond of painting themselves with bright dyes taken from the plants that grew about them especially at the time of celebrations or dances or when they were on the warpath and to most tribes red was the favorite color. It was because of this habit that the early settlers called them "redskins" and not because of the natural color of their skins.

PENMANS LIMITED

DIVIDEND NOTICE

NOTICE is hereby given that the following Dividends have been declared for the quarter ending the 31st day of January, 1940.

On the Preferred Stock, one and one-half per cent. (1½%), payable on the 1st day of February to Shareholders of record of the 22nd day of January, 1940.

On the Common Stock, seventy-five cents (75c) per share, payable on the 15th day of February to Shareholders of record of the 5th day of February, 1940.

By Order of the Board.

C. B. ROBINSON,
Secretary-Treasurer.

Montreal,
December 28, 1939

Divine Fellowship

O Master, let me walk with Thee
In lowly paths of service free;
Teach me Thy secret help me bear
The strain of toil, the fret of care.

Help me the slow of heart to move
With one clear, winning word of love,
Teach me the wayward feet to stay,
And guide them in the homeward way.

Teach me Thy patience; still with Thee
In closer, dearer company,
In work that keeps faith sweet and strong,
In trust that triumphs over wrong.

In hope that sends a shining ray
Far down the future's broadening way
In peace that only THOU *canst give,*
With Thee, O Master, let me live.

—*Rev. Washington Gladden.*

TRIBUTE TO A DOG

WE have a dog. He came to us a pup, and so we taught him the rudiments of gentlemanly canine conduct. But the things we have taught him are in small measure indeed to the things we have learned from that small black dog. He taught us how to play again—to throw off care and worry in the exhilaration of a good romp. He taught us to laugh wholeheartedly, without reservation or cynicism. Much that we know of beauty has come to us because of him—the glory of an early sun, its slanting rays just touching the tops of the tallest elms, and setting them on fire; the magic of a full moon, poised momentarily between twin steeples; the gentle, growing loveliness of soft rain on one's hair and upturned face—these and a thousand other phases of the world about us we have found because there was a little black dog begging for a walk. But most of all we have learned the beauty of loyalty that lies in a pair of worshiping brown eyes.—Chicago Tribune.

QUOTABLE

SOME of the phrases that have, for various reasons, impressed me in my recent reading so much that I have made notes of them, may entertain you in your turn.

"He talked as if his Adam's apple was sour," is one of them, and I at once put it in store for use some future day.

Now and again I hear a man who talks like that; and sometimes I come across one concerning whom it would hardly be wrong to say, as someone wrote of one Bill Johnson: "That man was so lazy that the only time people knew that he was alive was when they heard him snoring."

I greatly liked a saying of the great Lord Rosebery's that was unknown to me until I found it quoted the other day. He was asked to define "memory," and replied: "Memory is the feeling that steals over us when we listen to our friends' original stories."

Somewhere in America there is an Uncle Ezra, who is not a relative of mine, and of whom I have knowledge only through the quotation of some words of his I found in a journal from that country. "Enthusiasm ain't everything," he said. "Yo' got to hab judgment as well. Good intentions am responsible for some o' de worst singing in de choir." I know that to be true, but, alas! it is a saying that I shall never be able to repeat in public.

"If you learn a craft when you are young," runs another saying I collected with pleasure, "you won't have to live by craft when you are old."

Three other sayings, each about the greatest room in the world, I found, curiously enough, on the same day.

"The greatest room in the world," said one of them, "is the room for improvement." "The greatest room in the world," said the next I found, "is the room for kindness"; while both were contradicted by the third saying: "The greatest room in the world is the room for argument." I leave you to decide between the three, and now bring my quotations to a close by repeating the one which really amused me most, a saying of Terence's, made somewhere about 160 B.C.: "Nothing is said now that has not been said before!"

The man who wins is he who holds on until he can hold on no longer, and then does not give up.—"Ezra" in the Methodist Recorder.

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